

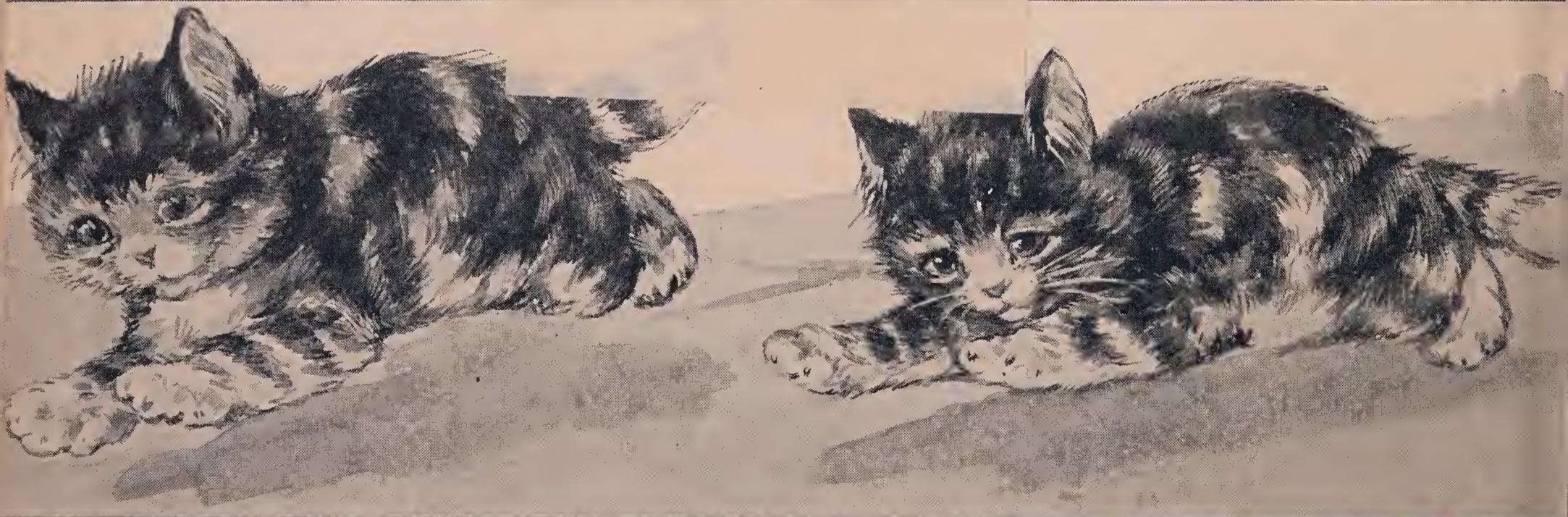
PZ
10
.3
D368
MY

FT MEADE
GenColl



TWIN KITTIES

THIS BOOK
BELONGS TO





MY TWIN KITTIES



STORY BY
EDNA GROFF DEIHL

PUBLISHED BY
SAM'L GABRIEL SONS & COMPANY
NEW YORK

PZ 10
.3 D 368
MAY

*By the Same
Author*

“The Little Dog That Would
Not Wag His Tail”

“The Little Kitten That Would
Not Wash Its Face”

“The Teddy Bear That Prowled
at Night”

“The Little Chick That
Would Not Go To Bed”

“My Twin Puppies”

“My Twin Kitties”

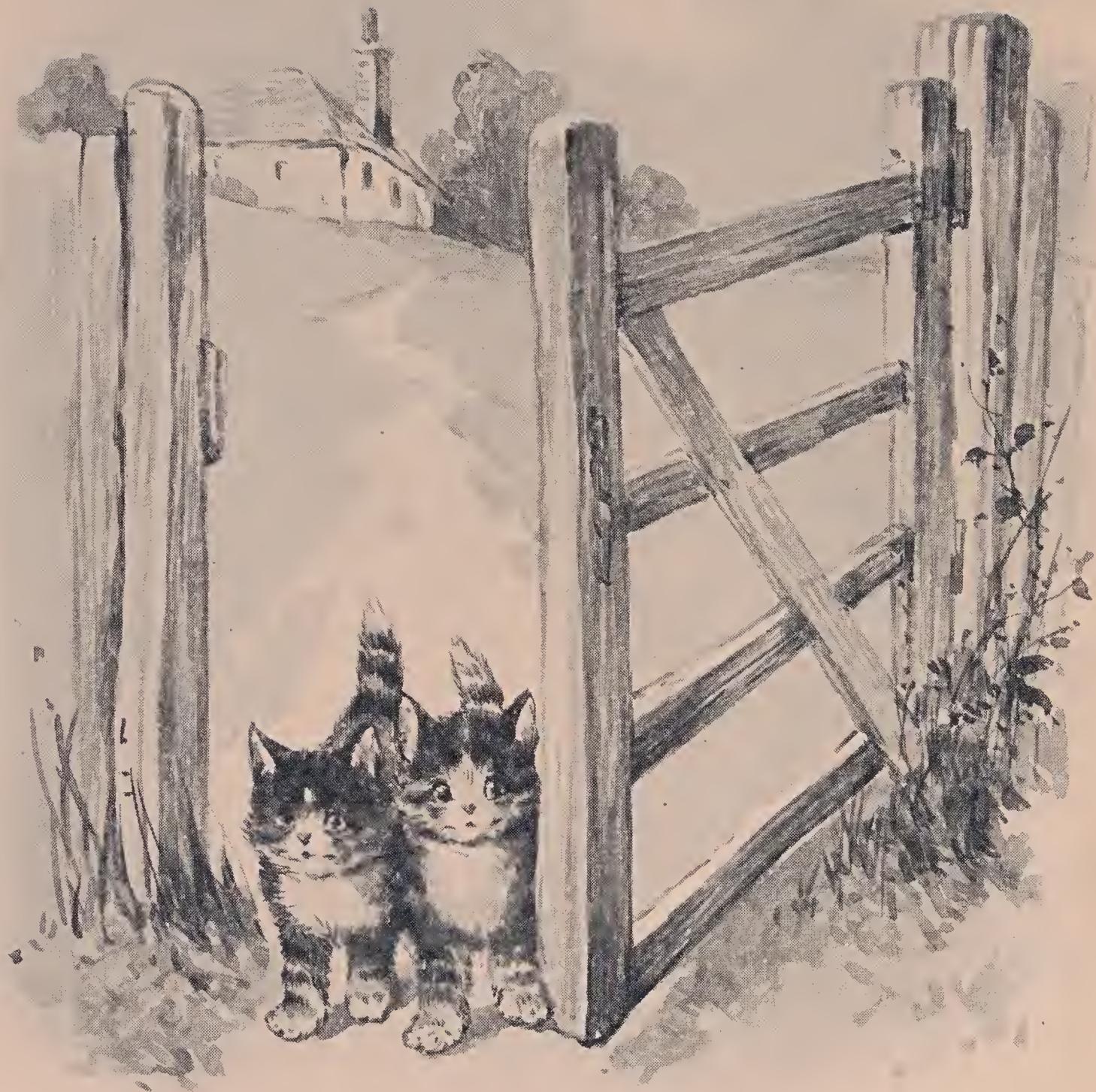
Copyrighted
1924

Sam'l Gabriel Sons & Company
MAY - 3 '24

© CLA 794272



Once there were two little kittens that did not wear any mittens. All they wore were coats—the one yellow and the other black. They both had blue, blue eyes, and sharp teeth and feet like cushions and scratchy claws, and they were EXACTLY THE SAME AGE!



At first they lived on a farm, where there were so many kittens that no one ever paid any attention to them. They had nothing to eat but mice! They had nothing to lie on but hay! And worst of all they had no names!

At last they decided to go out into the world and seek their fortune. All they wanted was a home and two pretty names.



They grew very tired walking over the long, dusty roads. But at last they spied some little white cottages, nestled down among the green trees. They walked right up to the very first door.

“Meow! Meow!” they cried, “Please let us come in!” A cross old lady opened the door and said “SCAT!” My how they ran!



Then they walked to the second door. "Meow! Meow!" they cried, "Please let us come in!"

A hobbeltiy old gentleman came to the door. "RATS!" he said, and struck at them with his cane. My how they ran again!



They wondered whether they should try the next door. At last they went up quite timidly.

“MEOW! MEOW!” they cried, “PLEASE LET US COME IN!” A dear little girl opened the door. “Mother, look at the kitties!” she said. “May they come in?”



Mother nodded her head, and the two little kittens marched right into the room! They tried to jump on the couch. They were tired and they wanted to sleep. But the lady said, "No, you are too dirty! Come Irene, we will give them a bath."



So they were put into a little tub and scrubbed!
They were dried with a soft cloth! My, how
fluffy and puffy they looked then!

Irene hugged them close to her heart. "You
shall be my twins!" she said, "and your names
shall be FLUFF and PUFF."



Then the kitties purred with delight. They had found A HOME and TWO PRETTY NAMES! They thought their troubles were ended. But they had never lived in a house before. They were used to the barn.

One day Irene could not find Fluff anywhere.



Black Puff was the only one on the couch when she came home.

Puff meowed and meowed. He kept looking up. Then Irene looked up too! Fluff had climbed up the curtain and could not get down. "You'll never find milk or mice on the ceiling, Fluff!" she said, after Mother had gotten her down.



Irene was knitting a pretty blue scarf. One morning she laid it on the couch while she went to talk to a little friend. Suddenly she heard a noise. Scamper, scamper! Pitter, patter!

When she came in the twins were playing with her ball of blue wool. And part of the scarf was unraveled and wound around Puff's neck.



After she unwound the wool, she locked them both in the cellar. She thought that would be a dreadful punishment! But they had a GRAND TIME! They chased a little mouse that had left his home in the wall because he didn't think! Fluff caught him in the coal bin.

When Irene brought them upstairs, Fluff was as black as Puff. They had to have another bath!



"Dear!" sighed Irene, "Twins are such trouble!"

The very next day, when she was writing a letter to her grandma, Puff jumped on her lap and spilled the ink! And while she was fetching a cloth to wipe it up, Fluff tumbled the waste-paper basket all over the floor!



That day she locked them in the kitchen. But they got into more trouble than ever. They smelled fish!

When Irene came to the kitchen, the big fish mother had bought for dinner was falling from the table! And Puff and Fluff were having the worst fight.



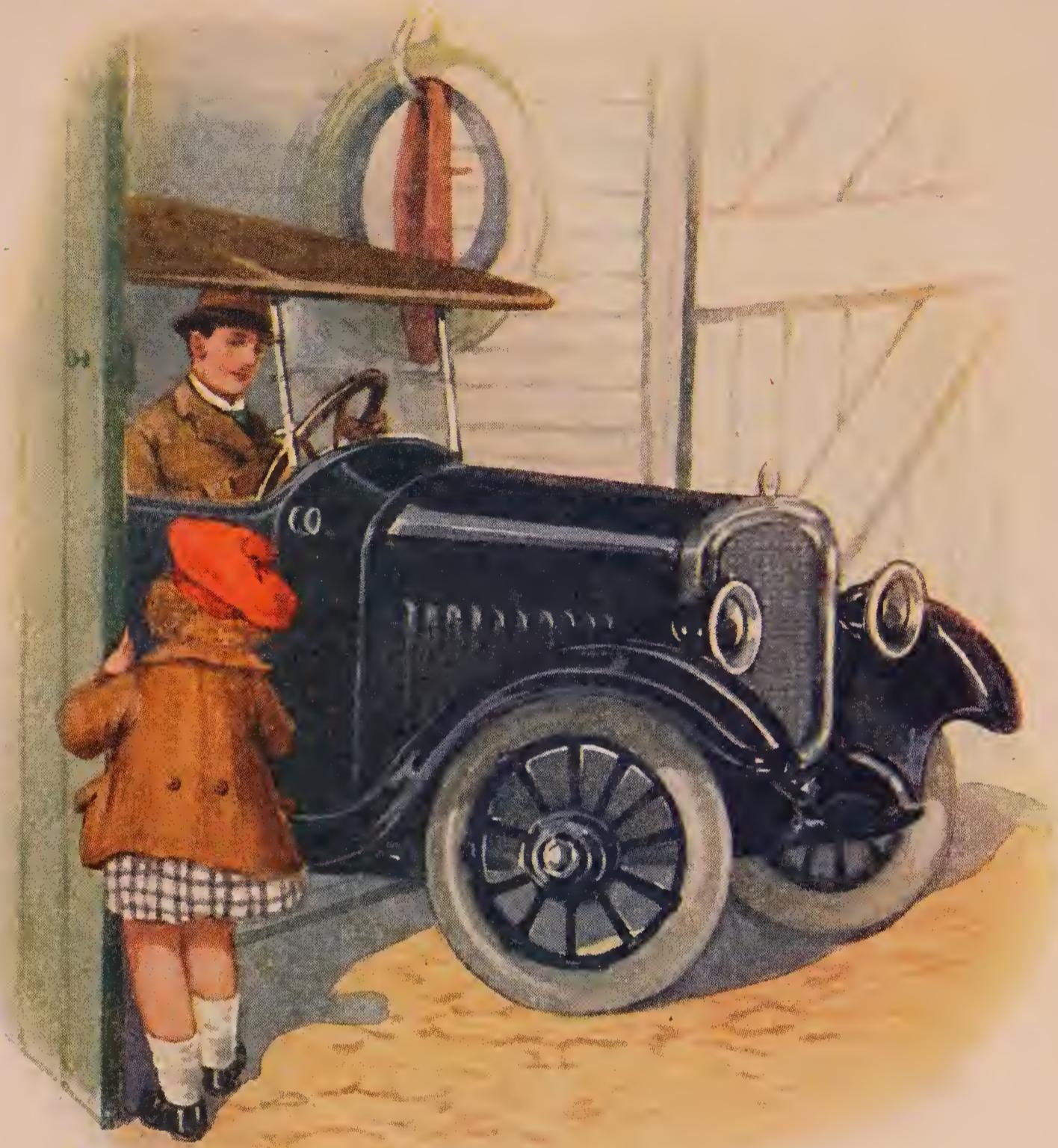
"You are bad kitties!" she cried, and she whipped them! Then she put them out of the house and shut the door, although her heart hurt frightfully. "I must train them!" she said.

Fluff looked at Puff. Puff looked at Fluff. "Meow! Meow!" Fluff said, "We have been turned from our home." "Meow! Meow!" answered Puff, "we must go back to the farm!"



When Irene looked for them at dinner-time they were gone! She looked everywhere! But the twins were not to be found. She called them until her throat ached. "Here Puff! Here Fluff!" But no kitties came running.

Then she was very sad. "Dear! Dear!" she said, "They have run away because I punished them!"



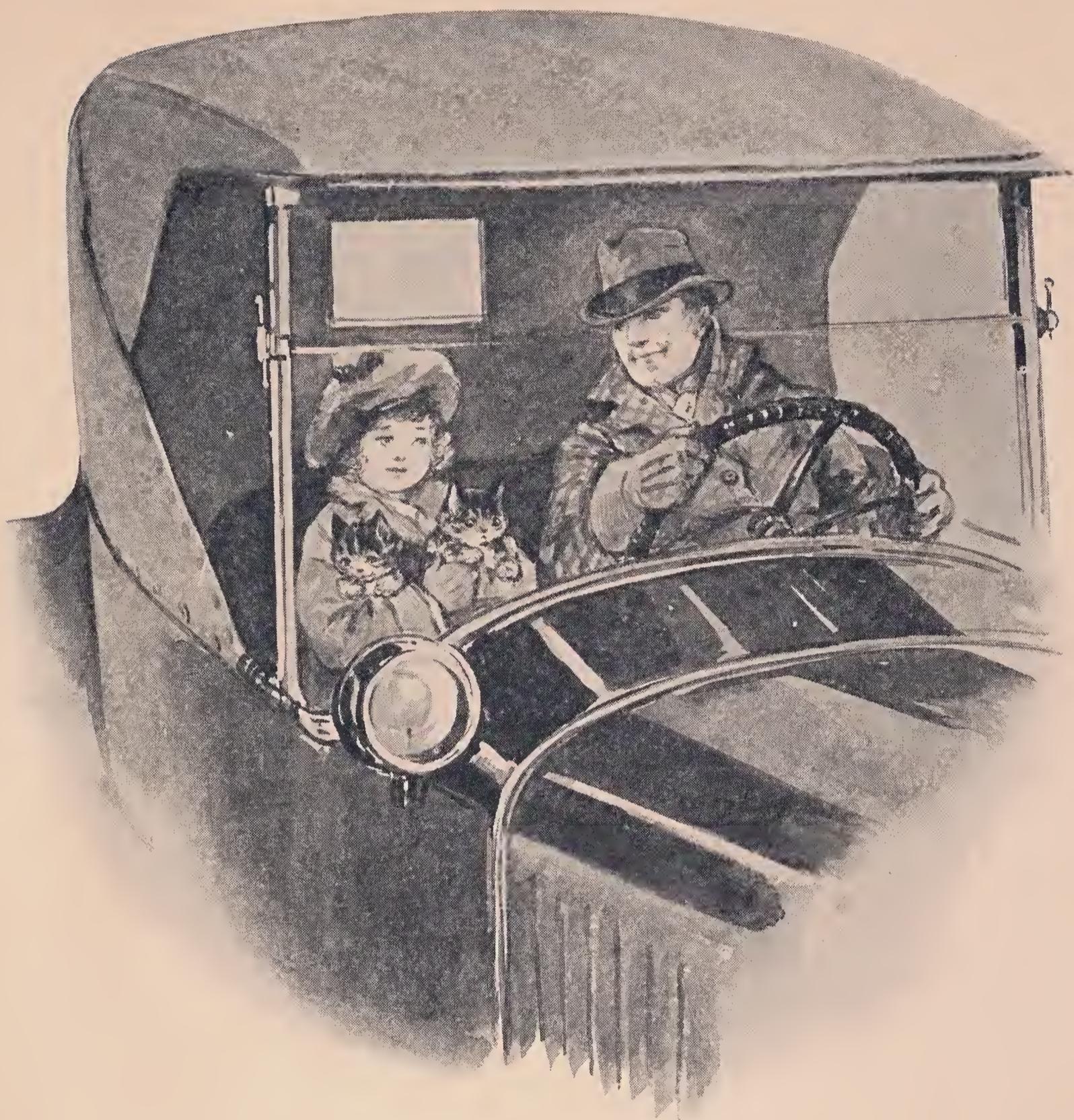
Then Daddy came home, "Oh, Daddy!" Irene cried, "my TWINS have RUN AWAY! We must go and find them!" So right after dinner Daddy got out the big car. Soon they were way, way out in the country. The sun was going down behind the hills. "Oh!" sobbed Irene, "I am afraid they are lost."



Suddenly Daddy stopped the car with a jerk.
He had almost run over the TWIN KITTIES!
Irene jumped out and picked them up. Soon Puff
and Fluff were on their way back home. They were
very happy to be cuddled in Irene's arms.



She held them very close. "Dear Kitties," she said, "you must take your punishments bravely. If I did not correct your faults when you are kittens, you would grow up into BAD CATS!"



Fluff and Puff rolled up into two little balls. They were so happy that they had such a nice, kind mistress, who trained them so well, and yet forgave them so readily, that they purred louder than the engine.



When they reached home Irene laid them tenderly on the pretty couch. Then she went up to bed. Fluff and Puff did not go to sleep at once. They lay awake planning to show their gratitude to their nice, kind little girl mother.

“Meow!” said Fluff, “she took us in when no one else would look at us, and gave us a home!”



“Mew!” answered Puff. “And she has taught us how to act in a pretty home like this. We were not well trained when we came here.”

“P-r-r-r-r-r!” continued Fluff in a bit softer tone. “If she hadn’t loved us a lot she would never have searched for us.”



“And we’d be back in the cold, cold barn!”
purred Puff, cuddling down in the warm cushion.

“From now on we must be very, very good!”
said Fluff, sleepily. “We—must—be—very—very
—good!” purred Puff softly. Then her head fell
over on Fluff’s back. They were both fast asleep.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00025496978



MY TWIN KITTIES



No. 915 © 1924

SAM'L GABRIEL SONS & COMPANY, NEW YORK
PRINTED IN U. S. A.